

NURSERY RHYMES.

FOR VERY SMALL CHILDREN.

Hush a bye, Baby, taking his nap;
While Cartier's in, Baby gets nap;
When Brown returns, Cartier will fall—
Down will come Baby, nap, Cartier, and all,

What is the Ministry made of, made of,
What is the Ministry made of?
Quibble and quirk, shuffle and shirk;
That's what the Ministry's made of.

What are the Clear Grits made, made of,
What are the Clear Grits made of?
A longing for sweets and cabinet seats;
That's what the Clear Grits are made of.

Change places,
Right about face;
Off to Sir Edmund and swear,—
Take the oath,
Nothing loth;
Left about face as you were.

PHUN!

From the *Leader's* report, the trial of the men engaged in the outrage on the two females in Sayer Street, would appear to have been one of the most racy cases that ever came before His Worship, Mr. Gurnett. We shall present our readers with those portions of the evidence which caused the laughter of the audience; admonishing them, however, lest their mirth should wax too outrageous, of the fate of the man who died laughing. The first remark that appears to have provoked mirth was the following humorous retort by one of the witnesses,— Mary Hunt,—to the examining counsel:—

Mr. Boulton—Are you a very quiet person generally?
Witness—I am sometimes not very quiet. (Laughter.)

There's wit for you to tickle the unwashed, and cause the reporters to break their sides laughing. "Are you a quiet person?" asks the counsel. "Not always," responds the witness; and thereupon the whole Court goes into the most extravagant fits of laughter.

However, the phun waxes phast and phurious. The same witness is asked if there was a light in the room at the time she was assaulted. The following is her humorous response:—

"When Ross left the room, I opened the doors of the stove, so that I would know who would come next." (Laughter.)

We can fancy the audience again holding their sides with the laughing at such a droll and excessively comical reply.

But a new witness is brought upon the stage,—a rustic, but evidently a brilliant wit, by name John McCullam. He is asked to describe the chivalrous attack made on the unprotected females. Listen to his irresistible replies:—

"The room at once crowded up, and I thought there would never be an end to them. (Laughter.) Says I to myself, 'My end's come at last.'" (Laughter.)

Mark the phun that once more excites the laughter of the crowd. Just imagine the witness saying while the tears stood in the eyes of the audience with the throes of suppressed laughter, "Says I to

myself, 'My end's come at last.'" How rich! What mellow wit! But he out-McCullam's himself a few minutes afterwards, when he says:—

"I tried to protect her, and I got a kick in the shoulder, which no one would like to get." (Laughter.)

What a subject for a Christmas Pantomime. The house would be fairly carried away with mirth, at the sight of a man trying to protect a female from midnight ruffians, and being kicked in the shoulder for his pains. Here are a few more humorous filberts from the witty McCullam:—

Q.—Was it starlight?

A.—I didn't look up. (Laughter.)

Q.—Was there anything peculiar about the night?

A.—I didn't see anything new about it. — (Laughter.)

Q.—Were you wet or dry that night?

A.—That's a question. (Laughter.)

There's a collection of witty repartees that would compare favourably with the best things of Hood or Douglas Jerrold. How refreshed the audience must have felt after the above flow of wit and humour, is sufficiently manifested by their repeated outburst of laughter. How the brilliancy of the wit must have dazzled the unfortunate reporter is evidenced by the faithfulness with which he reports it.

T. L. O. V. L. 0328.

Our big brother the *Globe* frequently treats us to advertisements abounding in enigmatical devices, and absurd combinations of letters headed as above. Of course he is well paid for making such an ass of himself, or he would not do it. The following is a sample which we propose to unravel for the information of outsiders:—

T. L. O. V. L. 0328.

Notice is hereby given that an R. M. of T. L. O. V. L. will be held in the O. H.; Bunkum Alley, this evening.

By order,

S. TAKE-EM-IN,
G. S.

R. M. means Regular Mill; T. L. O. V. L., Tremendous Lot of Vulgar Loafers. The letters O. H., can mean no other than the Ogre's Haunt. G. S., attached to the name of the Secretary may be interpreted as Grand Scoundrel. It is too bad for these secret societies, so candid as they are among themselves in acknowledging their true character to attempt to blind the public by such paltry devices.

Truckulent Truckery.

—We cannot but admire the coolness with which Ald. Boulton has given notice of his motion, that in future no contractor of the Corporation, shall pay his men truckwise, instead of in the blunt. At any other time of the year, we should have voted the worthy Alderman philanthropic—but just now the motive is too apparent to allow of any mistake. However, we have a partiality to cool people. We should rather have our pocket picked in a gentlemanly off-handed manner, than have the lining of our coat torn by some awkward clown.

Novel use of the Atlantic Telegraph.

"Good currents were received through the Atlantic Telegraph on Saturday last."—*N.Y. Herald.*

—At Christmas times currents (currants) are not so bad; but under the circumstances we must be excused for wishing that we had some reasons (raisins) for such information.

Standing motto for City Council.

—No gentleman need offer himself as a candidate.

A Hint.

—Jones tells us that he received a gentle hint from his landlady the other day, to foot up his boarding bill. On enquiring what it was, we learned that *two forks* were placed before him at dinner. Which, said he, is the Dutch for "fork over."

TO MAKE A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE GRUMBLER, ever desirous of contributing his share towards the happiness and enjoyment of his readers, desires to assist them on this occasion in the selection of articles wherewith to celebrate CHRISTMAS and NEW YEARS.

Prominent among others whose mission it is to supply Groceries and Bon tons for the jovial season, we must mention the establishment of Mr. George Bostwick, on King near Yonge street, where the groceries of all climes may be found in profusion and at cheap rates. The windows are so positively tempting that we wonder how the legions of little articles who so constantly gaze upon the sweets so cunningly displayed therein, can resist breaking through and committing petty larceny. We are certain our friends will be no where better treated than at Mr. Bostwick's.

For something of the Confectionary kind, we would also recommend the establishment of Mr. Carter, on the North side of King near Bay street. He has just received some rarities and luxuries which we have had the pleasures of testing and which we can safely commend.

For pastry and confectionery we have often desired to direct attention to the excellent store of Mr. George Coleman, King street, west of Bay street, where may be found a thousand different tempting viands. No where can superior pastry be found, and no body is more deserving of a liberal share of patronage than Mr. Coleman.

The establishment of Mr. Webb on Yonge street is so familiarly known that any notice from us is hardly necessary.

For a servicable and never-to-be-forgotten present for a gentleman friend, we cannot resist recommending the purchase of a Merchaum pipe from our excellent friend, Mr. Spooner, at the Terrapin Saloon, whose stock of pipes, and indeed of all things appertaining to the "soothing weed," is excellent and cheap.

Speaking of the "Terrapin," reminds us that this Establishment is still kept up in the most excellent style—nothing is wanting in point of comfort or respectability, and we think it favourably compares with any other establishment of the kind anywhere. A beautiful toned Piano has been placed in the parlour, which is excellently played for the delectation of guests.

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